It Troubles Not the Wolf How Many the Sheep May Be (Fromage)

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It Troubles Not the Wolf How Many the Sheep May Be (Fromage)

by AtticusCrete

Summary

And when did Hannibal realise just how effectively Will Graham had stormed his walls? When he sent a killer after Will in a fit of petty jealousy. And had to live with the outcomes.

Notes

For AzureSky2011 who was unknowingly my 100th follower on Tumblr (I've been on Tumblr a few months, 100 followers means a lot to me!). I asked for a prompt. This is the result. Thank you for such an awesome combination of elements. I hope this suits.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will takes the plate of dessert from Hannibal and manages a brief smile at his psychiatrist.

'Thanks. Look. Sorry. Did I ruin your evening?'

'It's fine Will. They were called away. And it saves me from eating two desserts.'

'Ok. Thanks. That's nice of you'

They both eat the beautiful dessert as they stand at the island in the kitchen. Hannibal is uncharacteristically quiet. Will chases the last few morsels around his plate trying to capture the remains of the sauce.

'This is really good.'

He glances up at Hannibal who is eating only small bites. Unusually disinterested in the food. Will is surprised when he sets it down unfinished.

'Not at all. Have you eaten? There are some left overs from the main course if you're still hungry?'

'Really? I didn't actually. All the business with Alana? And the, well, virtual raccoon. I guess I forgot'

'I understand. Why don't you sit. I'll assemble something now. It won't take long. Have you finished with that plate?'

'Yeah. Thank you.'

Will sits on a high stool next to the island and watches Hannibal make the journey between the fridge, the stove top and the sink. An eternal triangle of movements between the three places. Will enjoys watching Hannibal cook, in part because of the economy and flow of movement, a kitchen choreography, and in part because he finds competency deeply attractive.

Usually Hannibal gives a running commentary on what he is doing and Will enjoys this too. He sometimes ask the odd question or answers one if Hannibal enquires about his own eating habits or cooking experiences. They have had some memorable teasing discussions concerning Cajun fish recipes.

This time though Hannibal is quiet. At first Will lets the silence enfold him and he feels cradled by it. His experience of Hannibal is that while he feels things very deeply he usually limits the extent to which he telegraphs his emotions. In the lab Zeller had remarked that the doctor seemed pretty stiff and cold and Will had marvelled that his colleagues couldn't see beyond Hannibal's smooth exterior.

Will is reasonably sure that of the loosely defined team it is possible that Hannibal feels things rather more keenly than anyone else, he just keeps those feelings carefully curated and carefully stored away. As he finishes plating the impromptu serving Will wonders what

Hannibal is thinking or feeling right now. Rather than intrude thus he re-focuses instead on the plate,

'Thank you. This looks delicious. What am I eating?'

'It's a simple cassoulet, with fingerling potatoes in a rosemary salt crust, and a purée of parsnip and celeriac mash, just a few tart berries for the colour and release of sharp sweetness. As a contrast'

Will eats his plate with gusto all the time conscious that Hannibal is watching him silently and without comment. Occasionally sipping from a water glass. Will had expected at least some teasing or even a sarcastic comment or two on his impromptu dash for stability and help given the disaster of a kiss with Alana. But Hannibal had said very little after Will barged in and, even worse, clearly interrupted some kind of dinner with a colleague. He finishes his plateful.

'Amazing. What you do. It's always delicious and you make it look easy'

Hannibal smiles a little,

'Thank you. It's rewarding to hear you say so. Would you like something more to drink?'

'Are you sure? I mean. It's a bit late. I don't want to keep you up'

'I still have some clearing up to do. Why don't you have a drink and I'll tidy at the same time. If that's acceptable?'

Will looks a bit harder at Hannibal's face. Just for a moment Will wonders again what it is that Hannibal is making a concerted effort not to convey either by expression or word,

'Alright. Thank you. Can I help at all?'

'It would be kind if you would bring the remaining dishes through from the dining room'

'Sure, of course. I can do that'

The two of them spend the next half an hour clearing and tidying and when the dishes are stacked and dried and put away Will sits again and finishes the last of his drink.

'Thank you Hannibal. I feel much better. It's helped. I appreciate it'

'You're very welcome Will. I'm glad you feel you can come to me for support. That's what our friends are for after all'

Will looks at him, there is definitely something there but he isn't quite getting it.

'Yeah. I guess. Well, you know that's not exactly a large pool of people where I'm concerned.'

Hannibal nods shortly. It's there again, just a flash of it, but Will still can't quite get to what the issue is,

'I better go.... It's pretty late... Thanks again.'

'Not at all. I'll get your coat'

The two men walk into the hallway and Hannibal passes Will his jacket. At the front door Will is still trying to get a handle on the odd dynamic. He pauses,

'Thanks Hannibal. I'll see you soon?'

'Of course Will. Good night'

And the door closes behind him. He hears the lock turn from where he still stands on the doorstep, frowning slightly. Something?

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On the drive back to Wolf Trap Will runs the conversations over again in his head. Nothing out of the ordinary. Will angsts about Alana, Hannibal reassures him. Will angsts about work, Hannibal reassures him. Will angsts about his own life and every aspect of it in general and the multiple disasters of today in particular, and Hannibal reassures and gently challenges him.

So, as their interactions go this has been a reasonably normal one. And it's not the thing about the patient and his worries. Though of course Hannibal might be concerned about the ethical considerations of what he has passed on. Will shifts uncomfortably in the driver's seat. He has the feeling he's missed something quite important, but he doesn't know what.

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In the library Hannibal has lit a fire. He sits on the edge of an armchair, closes his eyes, and imagines the various directions the evening might have taken. Certainly Tobias is an unexpected complication but not one that can't be managed in time. Will though? He's annoyed with himself at how upset he is. And he knows the hint he dropped about Tobias is entirely petty and malicious and he despises himself for that too.

He endeavours to relax into the chair and the warmth of the room and takes another mouthful of brandy. It's not helping. He stares into the fire. But that only reminds him of the idle fantasies he has entertained that involve both he and Will talking and laughing, or reading, or listening to music, or something that is rather more physical, in this room. In front of this fire. He knows he is furious and nothing he is thinking right now will alleviate the intensity or the rawness.

He weighs the drink in his hand. He resists throwing the crystal snifter into the back of the fire. But it's a close run thing.

Damn. And damn if Bedelia hadn't been more astute than he. When did he let Will Graham get so far behind his own usually impenetrable walls? They have been stormed and scaled and at least partially demolished. And Hannibal has let it happen. Worse, he has encouraged it. How could he have been this stupid? But even in this he is ruthless in his self examination.

It is the sweet whisper of friendship curling round him. The possibilities of warm and pliant company. The light of a shared perspective. Knowledge. Understanding. Acceptance.

And dare he even consider it? love?

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The following day goes all to hell.

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'I was worried you were dead'

There it is again, there's something there and Will is still not quite getting it. Hannibal looks away. Jack comes over and asks some half-assed questions. Tobias Budge. Franklyn Froideveaux. And Will tries not to convey his impatience. He realises he's failed when Jack glares at him. He makes a conciliatory gesture and Jack walks away to give someone else a hard time. He looks back at Hannibal, sitting bloodied, behind his usually immaculate desk. He almost reaches out to stroke Hannibal's face where there's still a little blood,

'I feel like I've dragged you into my world..'

'I got here on my own'

And doesn't Hannibal know the truth of that? He sighs as he adds,

'But I appreciate the company'

He looks up at Will then and sees just a flicker in Will's eyes.

'I'm taking you back. The others will clear up, crime scene and everything?'

Hannibal nods and stands, slightly favouring one leg.

'Alright to walk?'

He nods again.

'Yes. I believe so'

Outside the building that houses Hannibal's office Will opens the passenger door of his estate car. It smells faintly of dog, and oil, of Will's terrible aftershave. Hannibal hates how comfortable these scents make him feel. The car is parked badly, in his rush to reach the office Will had run three red lights and probably broken a few other driving laws. Parking across a fire hydrant had been the least of his worries. Hannibal takes no comfort in this. This is a storm entirely of his own making. If he believed in such things he would consider it a bespoke retribution for all his recent sins.

'I'm going to take you home. My home. Alright? I think we'd both feel better with someone else around.'

'I'm perfectly alright Will, it was an action driven by necessity. I'm not in shock'

'You might not be. I am, or soon will be. And, sorry if I misspoke, I'd be better with you around. Alright?'

Hannibal says nothing but he doesn't disagree, and Will keeps driving. After thirty minutes or so of quiet, Will asks,

'I know something has happened that's upset you. Before this. I think it's something to do with me, but I'm not sure. Are you planning on telling me, or would you like me to guess?'

Hannibal doesn't answer, and the silence stretches until he manages,

'I'd prefer you not to guess if it's all the same'

'Well, I wouldn't say it's all the same, but ok. I asked. You answered'

There's another long pause.

'Are you going to tell me?'

As they draw up outside Will's home they let themselves out of the car. Hannibal holds back to let the canine greeting happen to Will, knowing he'll rein in their enthusiasms. He makes it into the house unmolested,

'I'd be grateful for something to change into and a shower or bath if that would be possible. Do you also have a first aid kit?'

'Yeah, of course, I'll get the bath running, there's plenty of hot water. I've got a kit somewhere. And I'm sure I've got something that will fit. Well, more or less. It's not going to be anywhere near your level of sartorial excellence you know?'

Hannibal smiles very faintly,

'That is the least of my concerns right now'

Will glances at him as Hannibal removes his coat and jacket and hangs them both in the entranceway. He briefly considers a small quip along the lines of a Hannibal not concerned about his attire is a Hannibal in very bad shape. But of course that's exactly right. Hannibal is in bad shape and the events of the last few hours haven't helped, but there's way more to this whole situation. It isn't simple, Jack had been right, albeit for the wrong reasons,

'Alright, have a seat, I'll make some tea first and get the bath going. That ok?'

Instead of an answer Hannibal sits in one of the armchairs next to the space heater. He makes no comment on the holes in the chimney that Will partially demolished, only yesterday. He sits, and leans his head back and closes his eyes. Will considers that Hannibal is very likely completely at the end of his tether. And here's the rub, Will doesn't quite know what to do or how to respond. He really is this bad at relating. It's not put on. Frowning a little he slides into the kitchen and fills the kettle. A few minutes later he's made tea and the bath is filling.

'Hey, if you're asleep that's fine, but here's some tea. The bath will be ready for you in a few minutes. Ok?'

Hannibal opens his eyes and looks at Will, they are hooded and tired,

'Thank you'

Will ducks his head and goes upstairs again to look for some clothes. Hannibal is slightly taller and slightly broader which immediately discounts most of Will's pants and button down shirts. In the bathroom next door he hears the water being turned off. A little later he hears the sounds of water being displaced and slopping against the side of the tub. Possibly also a breath of relief as Hannibal settles.

At the back of the wardrobe Will finds his college sweats. He'd had a year when he ran and went to a gym regularly. The sweats are slightly too big and they'd worked only as the outermost layers on cold sharp mornings. Otherwise they swamp him. Will smiles slightly to himself, they'll probably fit Hannibal just fine. A little weird, but fine. And comfortable. Unless Hannibal is terminally addicted to starched shirts and pressed pants. He probably is.

'Hey, I've got some clothes, can I drop them on the chair?

'Of course Will'

Will pushes open the door to the bathroom and shifts Hannibal's carefully folded clothes from the upright chair in the corner. The shirt has more blood on it than he's expecting. He sits on the chair with both the clean and bloodied clothes on his lap.

'Just how badly did he hurt you?'

In response Hannibal holds up his arm above the level of the bath, there's a deep bloody gash that bracelets it. He wordlessly points to his thigh where there's another gash maybe deeper as there is a cloud of dispersing blood in the water.

'Are you still bleeding? From your leg'

'No, though it may open again when I get out.'

'I can help if that would make a difference?'

'Thank you'

'I'm getting you some more tea, I think you should eat something too?'

Hannibal looks at him,

'Alright. I know. I'll eat something. I'm still getting you tea'

Hannibal closes his eyes and lets himself drift, endeavouring to catch hold of his own scattered thoughts and feelings. If he had ever imagined the setting for a conversation with Will where one of them had been naked this would not have been it. This seems

extraordinarily unlikely. The temperature of the room shifts when Will comes back, gusting in cold air, with another mug of tea and a plate of cookies.

'The cookies aren't from a package, my neighbour, now and again. If I fix something. They're lemony. Nice. With peel. At least try a bit of one'

Hannibal smiles a little,

'Am I so critical?'

'No, but I know you're careful. What you eat'

Hannibal smiles a little more,

'One cookie won't kill me'

'I'll remind you of that. Next time'

'Next time?'

'Sure. Next time something bad happens and I try and make you feel better with tea, and cookies you didn't bake, and clothes which are at least fifteen years old and were never that great to begin with'

'I'm still alright Will'

'Yeah. Ok. But there's still something. That you're not saying. I still want you tell me. I can just wait you know. Until you're ready. But I hope you will. When you're ready'

Hannibal breathes in sharply through his nose, and there're a few beats of time,

'I discovered something unpleasant yesterday'

Will's first response to this is Shit! He knew it was bad, but fuck what did he do, if it was him?

'Ok. That doesn't sound great? What was it?'

'I regret to admit, that when you told me about what had happened, I found I was jealous'

And oh damn, it hadn't even occurred to Will, for all that he doesn't pitch up all over emotional Will just forgets that Hannibal may be his therapist or friend or whatever the fuck he is, but he's also someone with a real actual life going on between the spaces when Will is in his company, shit though, he really should have thought of this,

'Oh fuck. Hannibal I'm so sorry. I had no idea that you had feelings for Alana. It's never come up before. And there's no reason why it would. Shit. God, I'm an idiot. Of course, I knew you were friends. Does she know? Crap, ignore that. That's none of my business. I'm really sorry.'

Hannibal doesn't reply at first, he exhales slowly,

'I think I'd like to lie down if I may?'

'Of course. Yeah, I'll get another blanket. Can I help you out of the bath?'

'Thank you'

Will helps Hannibal to climb out of the bath without him having to lean on the badly gashed leg. It doesn't open again. As Hannibal begins to dry himself with one of the towels Will realises he's still staring. He simply hadn't really been paying attention before. To how Hannibal might look under all those layers. Or to how he might feel. So many things he hasn't paid attention to. Christ, Will is still holding his arm! Ok, that's ok, he might need it for balance. Will shifts around,

'Do you want me to help with your arm?'

Hannibal wordlessly holds his arm out and Will carefully dries him and then smooths some antiseptic into and around the wound. It's smarting but not bleeding. So he covers it with a long cotton pad and then carefully winds a bandage round, securing it with a safety pin. He looks at Hannibal, just about meeting his eyes,

'Your leg?'

Hannibal hands him some more gauze and antiseptic. Will drops to his knees and Hannibal lifts his leg so his foot is resting on the cross bar of the chair. Will repeats his previous actions, he's careful though, this is deeper and slightly jagged at the edge.

'He used my letter opener'

Will looks up at him from where he is holding Hannibal's thigh. The look on Hannibal's face is mostly unreadable but not entirely. And he is still mostly naked. Just a towel held loosely around him. Will looks back at the gash and finishes the task. And slowly stands up. He doesn't back away though and Hannibal looks back up at him as well. There's a pause,

'I've got it the wrong way round. Haven't I?'

Hannibal adjusts the pin on his thigh and then smoothly wraps the towel round his waist and gathers another from beside the sink and drapes it more securely round his shoulders. The movement gives Will a fine view of Hannibal's torso. His developed musculature. The way his skin shifts. The hair on his chest.

'There's nothing to concern yourself with. If you'll just give me a moment I'll finish in here and join you downstairs.'

Will watches him some more, the way Hannibal's eyes slide away from him, Hannibal never does that. Will tentatively reaches out a hand to lightly touch him on the arm,

'Please don't'

Will shifts back as if he's been scalded, but Hannibal does too, and he's still not looking at Will,

'Hannibal, pl..'

'Will. Just. Don't. I would be glad of something to eat and then to lie down'

Will nods and backs out of the bathroom. Still not entirely sure what to do now. Because, damn. It hadn't even occurred to him. This hadn't occurred to him. Fuck. He's really got this all wrong. All of it. But now it makes a kind of sense. The pieces slowly slide into place.

The conversations. The support. The meals. The occasional but grounding touches. The looks he'd sometimes accidentally intercepted. Fuck. It's not that Will's unreceptive, Hannibal is attractive, accomplished and perceptive. It just hadn't occurred to him. Fuuuuck. When he takes an inventory of the last two months he can see it goes all the way back to that very first meeting. Christ? Had Hannibal been flirting with him? Even then? And subsequently toned it down? Because of what Jack needed? Maybe because of what he needed. Fuuuuuck.

Slowly he goes down the stairs, Hannibal's ruined suit pants and bloodied shirt in his hands. He refolds them and puts them next to the screen door. He finds a couple of blankets in the room where his washer and dryer live, then decides to go all in and fetches some clean sheets and pillowcases. He goes to the bed in the L of his living room and first strips it and then re-makes it, the actions almost mechanical as he processes what's occurred. Or rather the weight of what hasn't occurred. He turns back the corner of the covers, so the bed looks just a little more inviting.

In the kitchen he gets together some cut up fruit and cheese and some decent crackers. Takes them out to the table in the living room. When Hannibal finally comes down the stairs Will has managed to talk himself down from some kind of ledge.

The sight of Hannibal in dark sweatpants and a college hoodie causes Will some kind of physical hurt though. He feels for him. Hannibal looks both softer and also more fragile. The clothes, after all, do maketh the man. He's wearing thick socks which Will guesses were in the upstairs dresser. Hannibal pads across the room and looks relieved at the food and plates and normal things like crockery and flatware.

'Thank you. I appreciate this. How are you feeling now?'

'Me? I'm alright'

'You too had a brutalising encounter'

'I did, but the adrenaline got me through, and I didn't kill anyone'

He sees Hannibal still a little,

'That was tactless even for me. I'm sorry'

'As I said before, I acted out of necessity.'

There's still more silence before he says,

'I thought he had killed you. I was beyond angry'

'Is that why you killed him?'

'No. I killed him because he attacked me. But I was relieved. To have the reason. I can see that now'

'When were you going to tell me?'

'I hadn't planned to'

Exasperated, Will interjects,

'Hannibal..'

'You have been my patient. You continue to experience high levels of stress. You are possibly ill. In the midst of this I endeavour to provide a modicum of support. I'm not willing to compromise on this'

'And what about anything I might want?'

'I would have to say that it is not uncommon for a person in a therapeutic setting to confuse feelings of support for feelings of attachment or attraction'

'Wow. That's what you're going with? Transference. Hannibal! Come on!'

'No Will. You come on. It's hardly unlikely. In particular, any feelings you could have are likely amplified by any of mine that you might have subconsciously absorbed'

'So you're making this two for two?'

Hannibal looks at him and his voice and whole demeanour quietens, he looks down at his plate,

'That's particularly unfair'

Will runs a hand across his face and through his hair,

'Yeah. You're right. I'm sorry. That was... that was unkind'

They both pause again and are perhaps both wondering if their relationship, in any form, is salvageable.

'You are overstressed. And, unusually, so am I. Might we leave this for the time being? I meant it when I said I would like to sleep. I'm exhausted.'

'Yes. Of course. I've made the bed up, come through'

In the L of the room Hannibal sits on the edge of the bed.

'I'm sorry. I had entirely forgotten about your sleeping arrangements'

'Yeah, not the most unusual thing about me, right? It's fine. I've another bed upstairs, and there's the couch too, it's why there's a quilt, in case I can't be bothered to move'

In answer Hannibal moves the covers back on the bed and pauses for a moment before pulling the hoodie over his head. Will watches him and swallows hard. Fuck. He really hadn't paid attention before. He really is now.

'I'll get you some water'

'Thank you'

By the time Will is back Hannibal has turned off the bed side light and stretched out under the covers. Will puts the glass down on the table next to the bed. He carefully doesn't look to see if Hannibal took off the bottom part of the sweats along with the top. His mouth has gone dry.

'Will you turn the overhead off?'

In the darkened room Will can still see Hannibal. The little light from the moon and the stars just glinting off his eyes.

'Goodnight Will'

In answer Will mutters his own goodnight and goes back into the larger part of the living room. He sits down on his elderly and comfortable couch and Buster comes and leans against his leg, hoping for food, or a scratch. A simple exchange. God why couldn't people be this transparent and simple in asking for and receiving? Damn. He stretches out on the couch and Buster scrabbles his way onto the end and settles across Will's feet. Will pulls the corner of the quilt across them both and puts an arm over his eyes, shielding them, even in the dark.

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Sometime in the night Will is woken by the sound of the screen door opening followed by the click of claws on the boards. In the doorway he can see Hannibal standing silhouetted against the marginally lighter sky. He has let the dogs out. They must have woken him rather than Will. He shrugs himself round to a sitting position then shunts Buster onto the floor to follow the others.

'I'm sorry they woke you. They're maybe a bit confused'

'Your porch door creaks, if I'd realised I'd have let them out the back door. I'm sorry we've woken you. Have you managed to sleep?'

'I woke up so yeah. I have. Thanks. And the back door makes a terrible noise. Way worse. You'd have woken the neighbours up'

Hannibal huffs a small laughing snort, the nearest neighbour is at least a ten minute drive away.

'I'm gonna make something hot to drink, would you like anything?'

'Do you have any lemon? And ginger?'

'Lemon yes, ginger I think you're pushing it. Maybe some dried. Let me look'

In the kitchen Will presents Hannibal with two passable lemons and a small jar of dried ginger.

'Sugar?'

'You're going to want whisky next aren't you?'

'How transparent I am'

'You're really not'

Hannibal fills and boils the kettle while Will fetches the whisky from the living room. He gets down two heat proof glasses and catches Hannibal's raised eyebrow,

'Hey, this ain't my first rodeo you know?'

When the drinks have been made they go back to the porch and look out into the night sky. It's just on the edge of sunrise and the clearness of the skies promises something blue and crisp the following day.

'This is good, the drink, and this is nice. Thank you. We both had shit days, this is way better'

Hannibal says nothing but he seems to relax a little as he drinks the hot toddy, Will sets his empty glass down,

'I thought he'd killed you too. I thought he'd be alive and you'd be dead. And I'd want to kill him and there wouldn't be a damn thing I could do.'

'With Jack standing there'

'With Jack standing there'

Hannibal takes a few more sips, empties his own glass,

'It helps to know. Thank you'

He turns to go back inside but Will stays his arm with a hand to his sleeve

'I like seeing you in my clothes'

Hannibal looks at him with a small expression of surprise, Will blinks at him slowly as though cherishing a particular thought,

'But I like seeing you out of them more'

Hannibal makes a small sound but before Will can argue further, Hannibal has pulled him roughly closer and is kissing him. Hard. At first Will forgets how this is supposed to go but

the feel of Hannibal's tongue pressing against his mouth reminds him and suddenly it's all much more insistent and focussed and fuck Hannibal knows how to kiss. Really. When they've both got the press and slide of their lips right, Will finds he's involuntarily arched himself forwards. Somehow they've got back inside the house.

When Hannibal starts on the buttons of Will's shirt Will desperately tries to keep hold of Hannibal's face to kiss him, to be kissed. But fuck. His hands. Hannibal's hands. Will moans sufficiently loudly they both break away for a second.

'Alright?'

'Fuck yes. Next door. Come on. Hannibal come on'

Will backs through the room whilst Hannibal follows maintaining serious and determined eye contact. If Will hadn't initiated this he'd feel like a rabbit in the head lights. Instead he manages the last few buttons on his shirt and throws it aside. Hannibal doesn't retrieve it. Will tugs his overshirt over his head and discovers Hannibal has used the time to remove Will's college hoodie. It's not enough for Will, not nearly enough.

'And the rest'

Hannibal raises a brow,

'Please?'

With a small smile Hannibal slides the sweats down his legs being careful of the dressing on his thigh. He's not fully hard but he maintains eye contact with Will as he strokes himself. Will swallows again and drops before him onto his knees, fuck. Hannibal is as gorgeous here as everywhere else. And is now leaking slightly. As he uses one hand to hold on to Hannibal's cock he begins by gently lipping round the frenulum and then around the head. Hannibal makes the same small noise as before and Will carefully tucks his teeth behind his lips and envelopes the head entirely, sucking gently. Carefully Hannibal cards through his hair. Not holding, or pushing, or directing, just enjoying. Will uses his other hand to undo his own belt and then the buttons on his khakis. He pushes his hand into his underwear. He's already hard. And leaking.

Will shifts again and as Hannibal sways slightly he takes as much of Hannibal's cock into his mouth in one go as he can manage. Hannibal stutters a breath and moans, his hands gently holding the sides of Will's head. Still not directing.

Carefully, so carefully Will pulls back a little and sucks gently, licks around the shaft and then pulls Hannibal back in hard and swallows round the head. He makes a small humming noise, knowing how killer the vibrations will feel. Hannibal gently probes along Will's throat with his fingers and moans again when Will swallows round him once more. He can feel his cock in Will's throat from the outside. This is going to be over quickly if Will carries on like this, but Hannibal is lost to the experience and can't bring himself to care.

Will gently pulls off,

'I'm not going to finish you. What I really want. If it's ok. I really want you to fuck me?'

Hannibal says nothing just pulls Will to his feet again and kisses him again, hard. He pushes Will down onto the bed and pulls off Will's khakis and underwear in one go. Will blinks up at him breaths coming faster. Fuck. This is going to happen. Fuck.

'I've got lube. In the cabinet'

He watches as Hannibal opens the drawer and pulls out the plastic pump. He sets it to one side.

'I think we can manage something before we get to that'

Will swallows and watches as Hannibal drops a knee onto the bed and gradually prowls over him as Will scrambles backwards up the bed. Hannibal kisses him again and eases himself down between Will's legs, gradually nudging them farther apart until he's happily settled there. He gives Will's cock some attention, all the while massaging round Will's balls and to the sensitive perineum behind, carefully locating and pushing against Will's prostate from the outside,

'Fuck. Hannibal! Fuck'

Will pushes his arm over his eyes, and loosens his grip on the back of Hannibal's head,

'Sorry, sorry'

Hannibal hums and Will tenses sharply, he could come like this easily, embarrassingly so. But then, it hadn't taken Hannibal much time to get into a similar state. He manages to relax again,

'Good, Will'

And doesn't he love the praise?

'Come back and kiss me?'

Lazily Hannibal kisses his way up Will's body and Will does the whole involuntary arching thing again,

'God. This is. You're just. Fuck'

'So eloquent Will'

'Shut up!'

Hannibal gets to kissing him again and then Will feels his hand on his cock. Ok. This is happening. Really happening. Fuck. Fuck. Fantastic. And. Fuck! He drops his legs wider, allowing more access and Hannibal hums his approval into his mouth. When Hannibal reaches for the lube and pumps some into his hand he doesn't stop kissing Will. The angle's

not perfect, so Hannibal rolls off and sits back against the bedhead pulling Will to straddle over his lap.

'Perfect Will, so good. So I can kiss you and feel you'

Will rears a little as Hannibal reaches between his legs, more turned on than he can remember. He moans into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal carefully circles Will's hole with his lubed fingers. Both of them kiss slightly more sloppily, wetter and more open. He's so relaxed he hardly notices when Hannibal pushes just one finger in past the tight outer ring of muscle.

'Fuck, fuck, god. That's. Fuck'

Hannibal carries on kissing him and adds a second finger, not far in, just circling and helping Will adjust a little. He pulls both fingers out and adds considerably more lube. Will is moaning from the loss and kneels up and then back down again, so turned on and desperate for the feeling of something, someone, Hannibal occupying him. When Hannibal gets both fingers back inside Will pushes down on them hard almost singing his resulting moan. With his other hand to Will's waist Hannibal gently encourages Will to move up and down against his fingers. Helping him find the angle and depth that most excites him. They both moan against each other, Will puts his head back and arches desperately,

'Please, just fuck me now, please'

'Just a little more. You're so beautiful Will. Perfect. Just a little more. I'll be so good to you Will'

'It's already good. Fuck. Hannibal. Fuck'

Hannibal carefully drizzles more lube down Will's arse as he continues to finger fuck him. Will is leaking spectacularly now and when Hannibal grazes his prostate it's almost all over as he lets out a sharp high cry and arches even more. He's so hard. It won't take much.

'Face to face? Or from behind? What would you like Will?'

'Fuck. I don't know, I don't know. Please'

Will is almost incoherent from the pleasure and not quite enough stimulation, in the midst of his own escalating desire Hannibal makes a decision and pushes Will over onto his front, he moves a pillow under Will's hips, adjusts his legs and then watches himself as he slowly pushes in. It's almost more than he could hope for. Will is so tight, but yielding, skillfully opened. He pushes in harder as Will grinds back against him.

'Fuck, Hannibal. Oh my god, fuck. Please'

Will turns his head back towards him and as Hannibal starts a steady pace of long deep thrusts he reaches back to pull his head close enough for them to kiss. It's this that undoes them both, the closeness, the intimacy, joined everywhere they can be. Will involuntarily jerks back again which breaks the kiss for a moment, Hannibal uses the time to pull out turn Will over put his legs up over his shoulders and push back in hard before Will has even

begun to process the change in position. This way they can kiss more easily and Will can get a hand on his own cock too. And Hannibal can hit Will's prostate. Every. Damn. Time. The desperate writhe that Will makes and the sounds he keens from the back of his throat just encourage Hannibal to be harder and to thrust further. God. He's going to come soon. From the frantic thrusting up, Will is close too.

'Will, so beautiful. Come for me?'

Will manages a small shaken sob and then comes across his stomach, hitting Hannibal's chest and belly too. The way he clenches so tightly pushes Hannibal to his own climax and he jerks once or twice on a final thrust. If he had to describe it Will would call the noise Hannibal makes something between a snarl and a groan. They both try to catch their breath. Hannibal carefully lowering his forehead to press against Will's. He kisses him lightly and slowly, tenderly moves back and brings Will's legs down to the bed, sliding out as he does so. Will makes a sharp sad sound and holds on to Hannibal's arm,

'Mylimasis, it won't be the last time. Let me get a cloth. Clean us both up a little'

Will relents and Hannibal comes back from the bathroom with two damp facecloths. He carefully cleans Will's stomach and around his cock and balls. He uses the other to clean himself off. He drops both cloths onto the floor beside the bed.

'I'm afraid you'll find you are leaking for some time'

'Doesn't matter. It'll just make it easier in the morning'

'The morning?'

'Yeah. You said it. This isn't a one time thing is it? I'll want you again, like that, in the morning?'

He pauses for a moment,

'Please?'

Hannibal leans over and kisses him again and Will turns and pushes himself closer to Hannibal's side. Hannibal strokes his hair and shifts him so that Will rests against him cradled within an arm.

'I did not imagine you would enjoy physical closeness after sex?'

'Me neither. Who knew?'

Hannibal says nothing but holds Will to him, head resting on his shoulder leaning into his chest, until they are both asleep. Whatever time it is the sun is beginning to just clear the horizon, the sky taking that clear azure hue you sometimes get in the late autumn, when the leaves change, the equinox is past, and there is only the promise of winter and darkness ahead.

End Notes

And the title is from Virgil (the classical author not the character from The Thunderbirds)

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